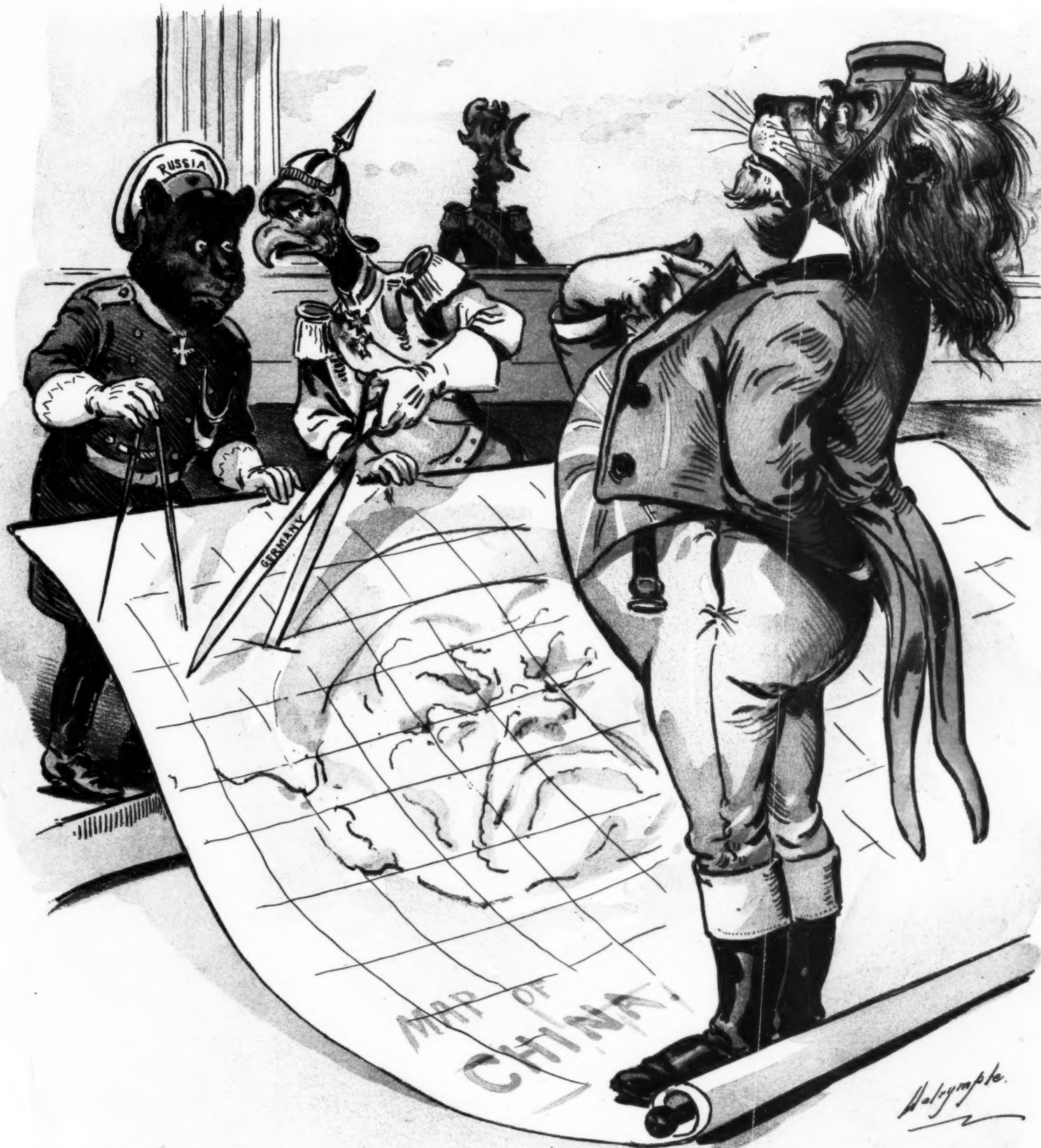




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AN INTERRUPTION.

THE NEWCOMER.— Say, you fellows! If there's any cutting up to be done, I'm here for the lion's share.



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HIS PREROGATIVE.

MISS FLAMBERG (*cooly*).—Eef I marry you, Mr. Purntownski, who vill get up and make der fires mornings?

MR. PURNTOWNSKI.—Fires? Mornings? Vell, dot 's a poor dime for fires, Repecca; but schoost you leafe all dose peezness matters to me, anyvay.

THE GOOD GRAY MATTER.

ING HAY! for the good gray matter,
With its convolutions deep,
That makes its home in the spacious dome
Where the thoughtlets learn to creep.

Hurrah for the skilled twin workers,
The cere-bellum and -brum,
That out of sight from the dawn to night
Toil on, till they both succumb!

Long life to the vital kernel
Of this bald old head of mine,
Though the roof is bare where there once was hair,
It is still a precious shrine.

So here 's to the good gray matter,
Its praises loud I shout—
By the nub of my pen, there are plenty of men
Who strive to do without.

Ed. L. Sabin.

UNSCIENTIFIC.

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER.—I have always considered Columbus a somewhat over-estimated man.

SECOND ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Why?

FIRST ARCTIC EXPLORER.—He discovered America the first time he went to look for it.

PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

"There is one thing I like about Howells's novels."

"Why, what is that?"

"They never make you late for an engagement."

SHE TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD.

"You 're worth your weight in gold, dear!"

(How pretty that sort of thing sounds!)

Poor devil! He 's digging in Klondike—
For her hundred and thirty-eight pounds.

TO BE EXPECTED.

JOSH.—I see the astronomers is disputin' about them sun spots.

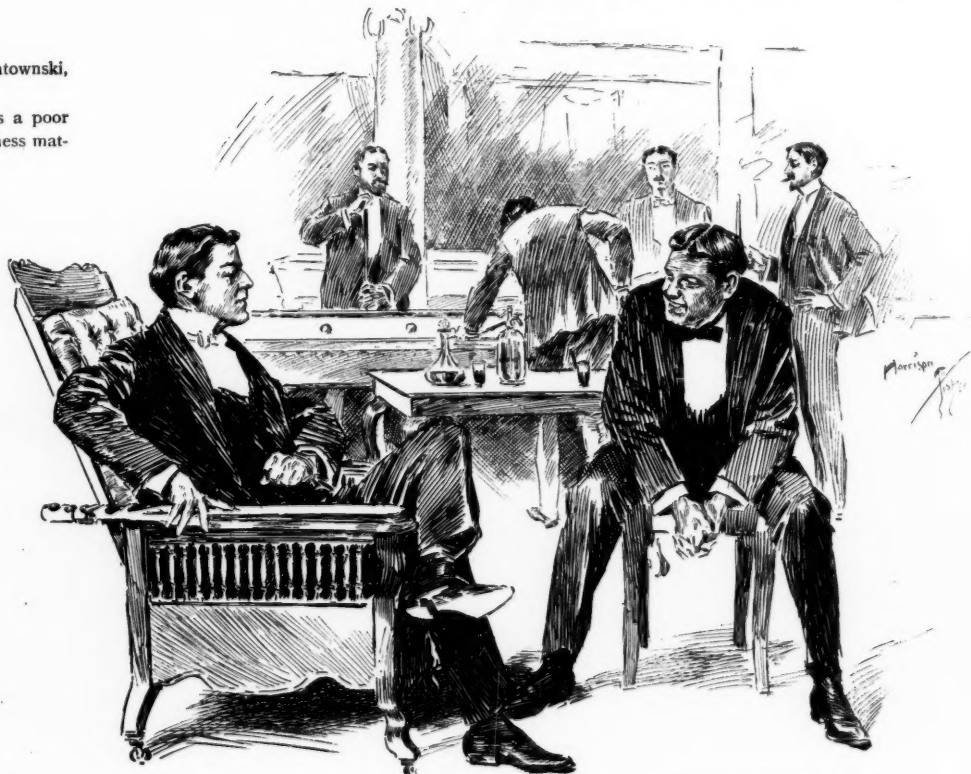
SILAS.—Is that so? I s'pose some is for 'em and some ag'in 'em.

AMONG THE higher walks of the dramatic profession are to be included the trestles.

A MAN HAS a better right to find fault that he was born a fool than he has to complain over losses at poker.

READING A MODERN newspaper is like looking at truth in the bottom of a lake—with a heavy wind on top.

THE CHIEF aim of some women's lives seems to be to get things slicked up one day before it is time to slick 'em up for the next.



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THAT WAS HOW.

"How did Perkasio come to be called Colonel? He never had a military command."

"He married a Kentucky widow."



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THE SERENADER.

PRINCESS in your castle sleeping,
Under spell by dream-god cast,
Closely is night's forest creeping,
Striving e'er to hold you fast.

Comes there one with faith unshaken,
And for him the forest opes;
Love's light guides him to awaken
Her who lives in all his hopes.

E'en the night-winds urge his questing,
As they sigh around his lute,
With their murmurs faint suggesting
That it be no longer mute.

Now he stops beneath your dormer,
And his fingers sweep the strings—
Music, ever Love's informer,
Bares his heart as thus he sings:

Oh! wake to the kiss of my singing,
For Love's light shines bright in the East;
The bells of the bridal are ringing,
And maidens are spreading the feast.

Come, open your eyes to Love's glory,
Quit dreams for the morn of Love's bliss;
Oh! list while I tell you Love's story,
Awaken to Music's fond kiss!

Princess, do you hear him pleading
For the heart that is his own?
At the love-wound staunch the bleeding!
With a kiss stop lips that moan!

There he waits with heart a-flutter—
Slowly now each moment goes;
Then a movement of the shutter—
At his feet there falls a rose!

Wood Levette Wilson.



PICKINGS FROM THE INTELLECT OF LITTLE PLATO SMITH.



BOY CAN'T never seem to talk just at the right time.

The cleaner my face is the harder it gets rubbed.

I s'pose a feller that has plenty to eat can't never grow up to be a great man.

A boy kind o' likes to make a cat yowl, once in a while, just to get even with the world.

Dirt is dirty, but it's pretty comfortin'.

The things a feller likes to throw at always break easy.

If a feller caught somethin' every time he went fishin', 't would n't be any fun.

Politics make strange bedfellows. Once when Pa went to a ward club meetin' he come home and slept with his head in the basket right next to the cat.

Tools don't amount to much; Billy Jones can make a better wagon with a bucksaw and a file than I can with a whole chest o' tools.

The only way I can tell when I say somethin' real good is by watchin' Ma; she pulls the corners of her mouth down hard and looks like she'd swallowed somethin' with her windpipe.

David Henry.

IN THE ART GALLERY.

SHE.—So, this is your picture? It is a true representation of the dining-room of an ocean steamer; but why did n't you introduce some characters?

HE.—Because that picture is entitled: "The Dinner-Hour During a Rough Passage."

IN SPITE of what he tells his girl
Man can any passion smother,
Unless, indeed, he loves himself—
And then he can not love another.

WOMEN DON'T need to be told that the prick of conscience is about as productive of pin-money as anything you can mention.



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TOUCHED A SENSITIVE CHORD.

FIRST BOARDER (reading).—"On the morning of the execution the condemned man partook of a hearty breakfast—"

SECOND BOARDER.—Why do the papers publish those harrowing details?

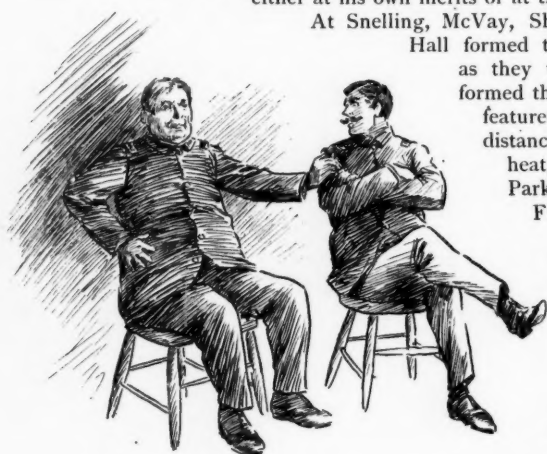


BY WILLISTON FISH.

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VII.—SHOWALTER JAFFRAY.

SHOWALTER JAFFRAY—what oppressive memories the name recalls! I see Jaffray before me: short, fat, with big calves of no strength, with light hair of no color, with features of no shape, a big wooden face, a wagging expanse of meaningless chin, eyes always intoxicated with delight either at his own merits or at the demerits of others.



At Snelling, McVay, Shaw, Mug Miller and Hall formed the Club, and as far as they were concerned they formed the post, too, the outer features of which were long distances, intense cold and heat, Colonel Birdseed, Parks, Dollett, and Jaffray.

From most of these the Club could escape, but they could not elude Jaffray. They would be sitting in the clubroom, laughing, snickering, guffawing, according to their voices—and Jaffray would come in. Then a pall would fall upon

them and they would sit silent, looking sullen or dejected or tired—so that Jaffray would scorn their company and go away. But would Jaffray go away? (I imagine the reader asking this question because of his imperfect knowledge of Jaffray.) No; he would not go away. He would walk forward into the gloomy group, and cry, "Why, hullo, fellows! Ah! me boy! How are you, old Horse?" If there was a man there more violently moved than the others to rise right up and slay Jaffray and buy a jackass to bray on his grave, Jaffray would sit down by this man, and talk to him and make quips and quiddities to him, until the victim would rise and swear and go away. That was the way Jaffray always acted.

"Curse you!" unhappy men would say; "curse you! must you always be coming here?" Then Jaffray would laugh. "Ha! Ha! Ha! what's the matter with our friend to-day?"

Jaffray had come into the army from civil life, as the term goes. He said that he had always had a fool notion of getting into the army. "My uncle said I was cut out for the army: thought it was just about good enough for me. Well, I guess I am good enough for the army, anyway." In civil life Jaffray had belonged to the militia—to some state's N. G. forces, and in the army he was able to discuss fine points, and shed light on them from his previous experience. A lieutenant at the post had written a work on tactics which had been accepted by the government. In the club Jaffray would question this officer with the purpose of "catching" him. If the lieutenant answered, Jaffray would smile, and say, "Well, you would n't hardly say that, would you?" If the lieutenant was too angry to reply, Jaffray would still smile, and say, "I ought not to have asked you that; it's a bit tough: we used to puzzle over that in the First."

Jaffray was the best runner, jumper, fencer, wrestler, dancer living. In the Club he showed tricks with cards, so old that the generation had forgotten and forgiven their false youth. He made valuable suggestions to the Commissary, to the Quartermaster. He told the Colonel he thought more duties should be performed in full dress (in which *tenue* Jaffray believed that both to the enemy and to women he presented a demoralizing appearance). Fortunately for Jaffray, the Colonel, instead of being a man of sense who would have ordered

Jaffray before a drum-head court-martial with orders to find him guilty and shoot him without regard to hours, was Colonel Birdseed, a man of no sense at all, who conceived that Jaffray was a zealous and valuable officer.

From the first, Jaffray was a public calamity; but after he fell heir to an immense fortune, he was unbearable. About a year after Jaffray came into his fortune, a theatrical company which had visited St. Paul several times, offered to give a performance at the Fort. Their courtesy was due to Hall. Jaffray thought it was due to himself. He had no doubt of it. He said he would get other troupes to come out. When the actors visited the Fort during the week they played in town, Jaffray showed them about. He explained things to them. He showed them the guns and asked them with a condescending smile how they liked the size of them.

The afternoon before the post performance, Hall and Shaw had been to town; McVay had been asleep, and he felt refreshed. The talk in the club was blithe and merry. The door opened, and Jaffray came in. "Why, hullo, fellows!" All turned away with a settled dejection.

Then Jaffray, being assured that he was not wanted, sat right down and began to talk. He talked more than ever he had talked before.

"I suppose you fellows have wondered about me and my fortune. Well, I thought I'd let you wonder awhile. I had a curious family. None of them ever died a natural death

—everyone with his boots on. That's the rule in my family—or, what I call my branch of it."

"What's that?" asked McVay, turning on him.

"Every man in my family died with his boots on;—it's a little peculiar."

"I should say so! Our families wear shoes, and take them off when they go to bed."

"Ha, ha! 'Dying with boots on' is an expression. You don't hear it much in the North." Jaffray had never been anywhere else.

"Most all of us have had out our man."

"What did you get your man out for? To cut the grass?"

"Ho! That's another expression;—it means to fight a duel with him, of course. Some of us have killed ourselves for love."

"Are you one of them?"

"No; or I would n't be here. Pretty good on McVay. Better wake up. Two of my cousins killed themselves for love. Good thing for me: I came in for my uncle's good stuff. Yes, sir; I am the only one left. My uncle was a little afraid there was something a little desperate in my blood; may be there is; he thought so, anyway, and he arranged in his will that if I ever fought a duel or tried to kill myself, or did two or three other things that our branch of the family do, why, a part of the good stuff should go to a girl down there in New York State.

Her father was a friend of my uncle's, though a good deal younger man, and my uncle was rich, and they were in a good many schemes together. Why, mind you, the girl's father was getting rich out of these things that

(Continued on 14th page, this number.)



A SURPRISING FEATURE OF THE ELECTION.



ELLER-CITIZENS," said Deacon Hartwell, addressing a large number of his townsmen who were giving him an impromptu reception at the grocery store, where he had come to purchase a small package of cut-plug; "Feller-citizens, I feel thet it is incumbent on me, so to speak, to express my gratification to you for electing me to the office of Selectman of this town. There ain't any better people livin' anywhere then there is right here in the lively, wide-awake and progressive town of Dead-town, and there ain't any people who are better judges of men—if I do say it—

"There's one kinder surprisin' thing about my bein' elected," the Deacon went on, thoughtfully; "an' thet is thet about every voter in town has shook hands with me and allowed thet he 'd put in some big licks towards electin' me, and was never more pleased in his life than he was when he found out I was elected; and, considerin' how the hull town, I might say, voted for me, it seems mighty surprisin' to me thet I come so dum near bein' defeated."



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THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE.

KERRIGAN.—Do yez belave in dhramas, Riley?

RILEY.—Oi do.

KERRIGAN.—Phwat 's it a soign uv if a married man dhrames he's a bachelor?

RILEY.—Ut 's a soign that he 's goin' to mate wid a great dishappint-mint—whin he wakes oop.

COMFORTS.

"I dare say some of the comforts of civilization are already appearing in the Klondike?"

"Yes; they were just getting nugget-in-the-slot gum machines, as I came away."

WE ARE apt to distrust people who flatter us, and dislike those who do not.



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WORSE AND WORSE.

MRS. SUBBUBS (on the way home from the station).—I pity the people who have no homes this night!

MR. SUBBUBS (in misery and disgust).—Bah! It is the people who have homes—in Lonesomehurst—that get my pity.

HE BLAMED HIMSELF.

"Yes, a wheelwoman ran me down; but I suppose it was my own fault."

"How?"

"Well, I ought to have known enough to let a woman have her own way."



A SAFER PLAN.

ISAACS.—Somedimes I vish I could go to dot Klondike.

COHEN.—Vot 's der use? Vait till some of dem fellers comes back mit der moneysh.

A THEORY.

JOSH.—It's a wonder none of them fellers ever found the North Pole.

HIRAM.—Mebbe it ain't there.



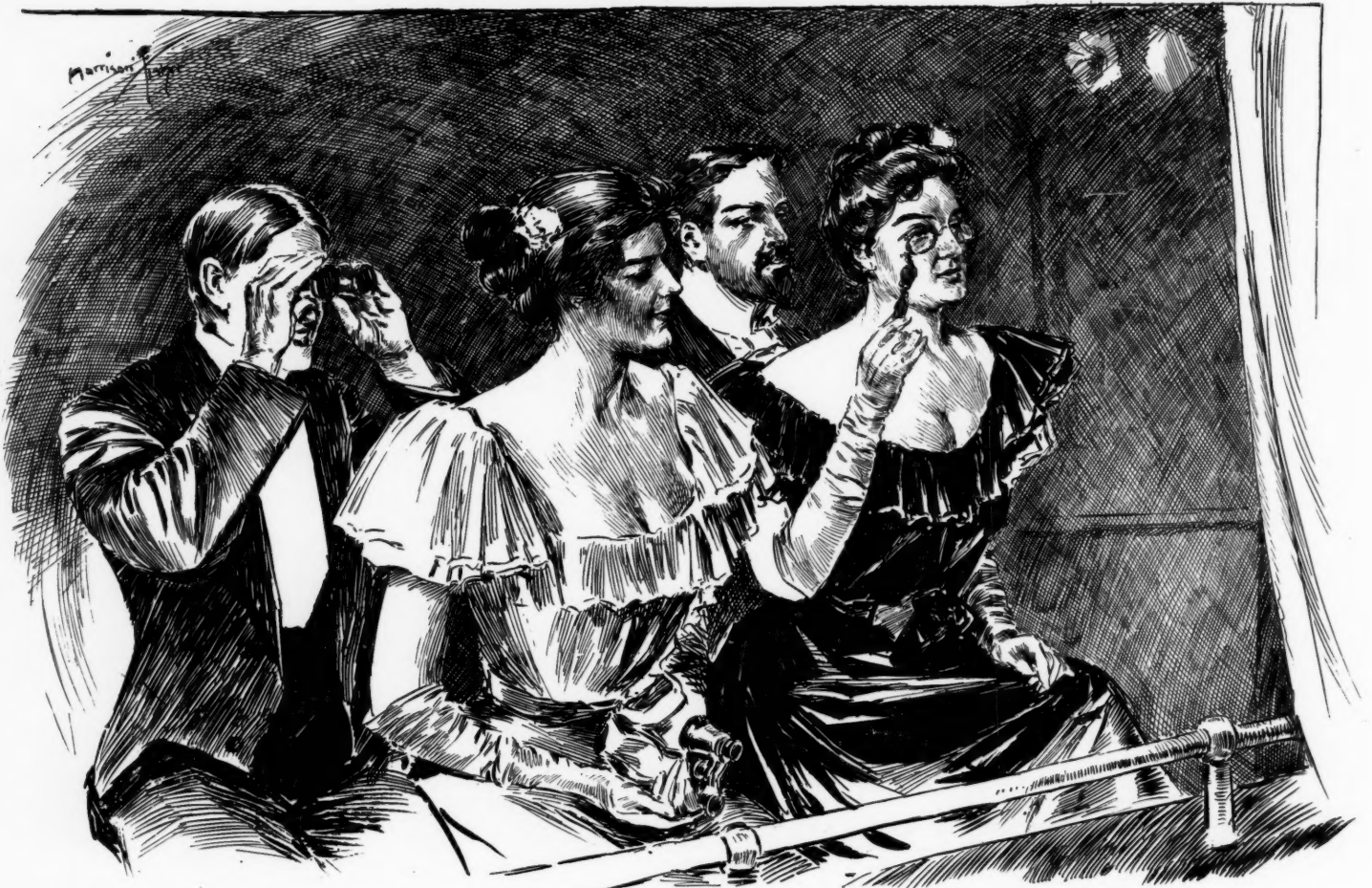
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A RESENTED INSULT.

MRS. SCRAPLEIGH (with a sneer).—Bah! You are just like your father.

MR. SCRAPLEIGH (angrily).—Look here, Madame! You may insult me, but don't you dare to say one word against my father!

THE POPULATION of Chicago seems to comprise two classes—the sandbaggers and the sandbagged.



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AT THE OPERA.

JACK CUTTYNGE.—That is a difficult aria in which he sings of the peerless beauty of the Soprano.

MAY ASKEM.—Why do you consider it difficult?

JACK CUTTYNGE.—On account of the Soprano's personal appearance.



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CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"Yo' Mammy done kep' yo' home from Sunday-school 'count ob de wedder, but she done let yo' go out an' play?"

"Yes, sah! I doan' mind de wedder when I'se out playin' sah!"

SUBSTANTIAL PROSPERITY.

VISITOR.—Well, how 's business in the newspaper line — picking up?

COUNTRY EDITOR.—Yes, sir; we can report three big pumpkins and two jugs of cider being laid on our table last week, as against but one rutabaga for the corresponding period of last year.

A NIGHTMARE.

MR. FOSDICK.—Every day will be Sunday by-and-by, you know.

MRS. FOSDICK.—I 'm so sorry!

"Why?"

"Think of having those horrible Sunday papers coming out every day in the week!"

HIS ERROR.

MRS. BROWN.—And the burglar pointed a pistol at you?

MRS. JONES.—Yes; and I was paralyzed with fear until he said, "Don't speak!" That gave me an idea, and I just shouted for help and he ran away.

WITH VARIATIONS.

MRS. PECK.—Before we were married you vowed you would die for me.

POOR HENRY PECK (*with surprising spirit*).—Well, this is a living death!

A NATURAL QUESTION.

PAPA.—There was once a poor widow who had three sons, and the youngest went away to seek his fortune —

JOHNNY (*eagerly*).—To the Klondike?



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PUCK'S SUGGESTION FOR TIMID PEDESTRIANS.

Thus adorned you need not look out for bicyclists; — they will do the looking-out.



PUCK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Payable in advance.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
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Wednesday, January 19, 1898.—No. 1089.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

ON CERTAIN CHASTENING CRITICS. THE INTELLIGENT American will probably always see much to admire in England and Englishmen, and several things to deplore in his own countrymen and their way of government. But this will never worry him, because he knows it is an absurdly unbalanced view from which to reason. The thoughtless and superficial American, on the other hand, seeing some things to commend in England and some things to regret in his own country, will at once warn his country that it is going to the dogs, and that England is quite the best governed country on earth. Good Americans and George W. Smalley habitually take this incomplete view, and keep it and preach upon it, until they have been home long enough to get it out of their blood. Bishop Potter is the latest victim of it. It sounds reckless, at first, to call a Bishop thoughtless and superficial; but, when you come to think about it, there is really no reason why he might not be. Besides, we have been suspicious of Bishop Potter ever since he declared all labor-saving machinery such as locomotives and looms and printing presses to be an evil. The good Bishop, as a just-back-from-London critic, is distressed by our glaring unlikeliness to Englishmen, particularly by our lack of calm repose in social and political doings. A little reflection ought to correct his premise and save him from several wrong conclusions. What he takes for repose in England is stagnation; what he takes for unwholesome unrest here is a wholesome effort to grow wiser and better in the ways of self-government. Providence has been kinder to England than to us. She is provided with rulers while we are left to rule ourselves. As a result we find in England a complacency as tough as Harveyized steel. The Englishman is convinced that his government sounds the last note of wisdom, and he would no more entertain a criticism of it than he would admit that a London fog is not altogether delightful. But the American, ever conscious of

his responsibility, and of his fallibility, is always a prey to widening intelligence; hence that unrest which Bishop Potter and others so often deplore. It is not unrest from lack of a reposeful spirit; it comes from a recognition that we are not perfect and that we can make ourselves better. Englishmen are happily saved from any such nonsense. Bishop Potter should remember that growth is slow; and that it is only through patient effort and tedious processes of evolution that we can work up to that sublime height of self-satisfaction which is the crowning glory of the Briton, and which always impresses a certain kind of American so favorably.

POLITICS AGAINST PATRIOTISM.

IT is the misfortune of the partisan politician that he can never see beyond his party. So far as he cares or gives evidence of knowing, he has no country. Party is all that moves him; all that he knows. This is the type of perversity that is now trying to prevent any action on the currency question. He knows that the country wants and needs to have its currency put beyond danger from further assaults of Bryanism. But he is going to prevent such action, if he can, for the sake of the Republican party. He was loud in declaring his party to be the savior of the people at the last election, and he will be equally vehement next election, but between whiles he prefers to nurse the danger and keep it alive. For, of course, he must have something to save the people from next time. As a manifestation of this spirit, we have Senator Chandler tearfully and indignantly accusing President McKinley of caring more for the whole people than he does for the Republican party. This accusation is intended by Chandler to make the President feel mighty small and mean, too. President McKinley has not yet confessed the truth of this horrible charge, but Chandler of the twisted mind may goad him into it. The country, at any rate, is waiting for just such an admission, and for tangible results that will prove its truth. Will the opportunists and shysters like Chandler prevail, or will the party make an honest effort to perfect our currency system, and so keep faith with the people?

THE OVER-WORKED DRUG CLERK.

AS A RULE PUCK favors all measures that aim to shorten working days. Most classes of labor work too much and rest too little. Drug-clerks form one such class. At present they work from fourteen to sixteen hours a day, and about half of them sleep in drug stores, so that throughout the twenty-four hours they are practically on duty and constantly exposed to the sedative effects of the drugs and chemicals that surround them. This is inhuman treatment of the drug-clerk; but it is worse treatment of the drug-buying public. Humanity and common regard for public safety both demand that the working day be shortened, and that the drug-clerk be forced to sleep away from the vitiating and stupefying atmosphere of drugs. We emphatically favor the bill to be introduced at Albany by the Druggists' League for shorter hours, for these reasons. The law ought to be as certain that a pharmacist is not broken down or kept stupefied by constant overwork as it is to see that he has technical knowledge in the first place.

SPAIN'S INALIENABLE WRITE.

"CONFOUND THE LUCK!" exclaimed the new Captain-General of Cuba; "things have come to a pretty pass."
"Or to a show-down, rather," facetiously replied an officer. "But what is the trouble now?"
"Why, here I am, expected to put down this insurrection, and I find it utterly impossible to gain a single victory without committing plagiarism!"

NOT IMPROBABLE.

"Think the Powers will take the whole of China?"
"I suppose so; but perhaps they'll take only a part and make the rest pay an indemnity for getting into trouble with them."

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

FIRST HARLEMITE.—Rapid Transit seems as far away as ever.
SECOND HARLEMITE.—Yes; and distance does not lend enchantment to the view.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

FIRST CITIZEN.—He's a strong Republican, is n't he?
SECOND CITIZEN.—Decidedly! He even endorses the Dingley deficit.

ADVICE.

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.—Would you advise an alliance with Russia?
LI HUNG CHANG.—Yes;—any old alliance.

LIFELESS AFFAIRS.

"These horseless carriages must be dull riding."
"Why?"
"They won't stand on their hind-legs when the band strikes up."

THE REFORM of the currency would more likely proceed if the currency were not already good enough for those who are after appropriations of it.



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INTERESTED.

NORAH.—Come along, now, an' niver mind the little vagabond!
BERTIE.—Please wait a minute, Norah! I think he's going to swear again.



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HE 'D BETTER CU
 MCKINLEY.—I wonder what makes this

PUCK.

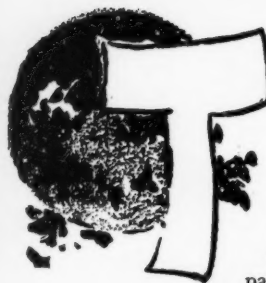


J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

BETTER CUT BEHIND.

Under what makes this pesky thing pull so hard?

FROM THE KLONDIKE "LYRE."



THE PRICE of the *Lyre* is seventy-five cents per copy, in gold, and, ladies and gentlemen, it's worth it! It is usually considered that the chief way of amassing a fortune in this region is by digging gold, but we are acquainted with an enterprising gentleman from Connecticut who is rapidly acquiring wealth by the exercise of ingenuity and self-denial. Champagne costs \$35.00 per bottle here, and the price of a hair-cut is \$2.50, and this man, by refraining from indulgence in the sparkling cup and by soaking his head in a bucket of water and breaking his hair off when it freezes, estimates his yearly income, on the basis that a penny saved is a penny earned, at \$1,577.50.

The Reform Committee requests us to announce that hereafter no more persons will be tarred-and-feathered by that judicial body, upon any pretext whatever. The Committee have found that of late they have been systematically worked by certain unscrupulous persons, who, being desirous of preparing for the excessive cold of Winter, have deliberately misconducted themselves till the Committee spread them with tar and trimmed it with feathers, thus gratuitously providing each of the malefactors with a complete suit of thick and serviceable underwear. Recently, the rush to participate in this sort of punishment became so great that the Committee took a tumble; hence, their announcement that hereafter lynching will be substituted for tar and feathers. A word to the wise is sufficient.

One of the most interesting society events of the past week was the marriage, last Friday night, of Miss Gussie Lammermore, of the Frolique Theatre, and Three-fingered Slade, the genial proprietor of the Golden Fleece poker parlors. At the reception, which followed immediately after the ceremony, a joyous time was had by all present; there was very little shooting, and the liquor was excellent. It will be remembered that the charming bride was the heroine of an episode which occurred at the Frolique one night last week, wherein an admirer of hers, one Howling Bill, came to his end by the aid of a bottle deftly wielded by the fascinating Gussie. The said Vociferous William made some remark which riled the lady, and she smote him as before stated and fractured his brain - box in two places. Dr. Bludsoe testified before the coroner's jury next day that he had found the deceased's skull to be not more than half as thick as customary, and the gentlemen of the jury gallantly exonerated the lady from all blame, holding that the late lamented had been culpable in bringing that kind of a skull into such a place as the Frolique. The *Lyre* wishes Mr. and Mrs. Slade many happy returns of the day.

Tom P. Morgan.

FINANCIAL WRECKS.

BOARDING MISTRESS (*indignantly*).—Two of my boarders were brought home last night in cabs.

FRIEND.—Disgraceful, ain't it?

BOARDING MISTRESS.—Worse! They have n't a cent left to pay their board.

THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

"Does your wife do much fancy work?"

"Fancy work? She won't even let a porous plaster come into the house without crocheting a red scollop round it and running yellow ribbon through the holes."



BUSINESS ACUMEN.

FIRST NORTH POLE EXPLORER (*elatedly*).—Hurrah! We have but to push on two days more, and the Pole is reached!

SECOND EXPLORER (*thoughtfully*).—Yes; but time is precious! We would better turn back now, or I may have to cancel some of the dates of our lecturing tour!

EASILY DISTINGUISHED.

MAMA.—Why, a delicacy means something very nice to eat!

JOHNNY.—Oh! I know. It means the things Papa can't eat on account of his dyspepsia.

IN THE WEST.

FRIEND.—So you think you have found your affinity at last?

THE FIANCEE (*many times divorced*).—Yes, indeed! I start on my farewell bridal tour next Wednesday.

A SAFETY PRECAUTION.

MRS. WALKER.—It's positively dangerous to cross the street when so many bicycles are going past.

MR. WALKER.—Yes, it is. The law ought to compel every wheelman to equip his bicycle with a safety fender.

IDIOMATIC.

HE.—Do you play golf?

SHE.—No; I merely speak it.

IN CASES of moral bankruptcy the devil sometimes manages to get his dues through being receiver.

QUITE FREQUENTLY a man's views on religion depend to a considerable extent on what kind of a job he has.



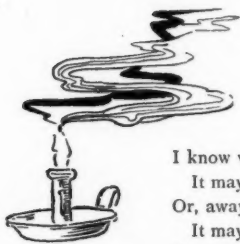
HE FINDS THAT THERE ARE OTHERS.

UNCLE OATCAKE.—What! A dollar to Forty-second Street?

CABBY.—That's right, sir! Jump in, sir!

UNCLE OATCAKE.—Gosh! You're wuss 'n that livery-stableman up in Squashville. He wanted to charge me seventy-five cents when I did n't have his rig out more 'n two hours.

TOMMY'S CANDLE FANCY.



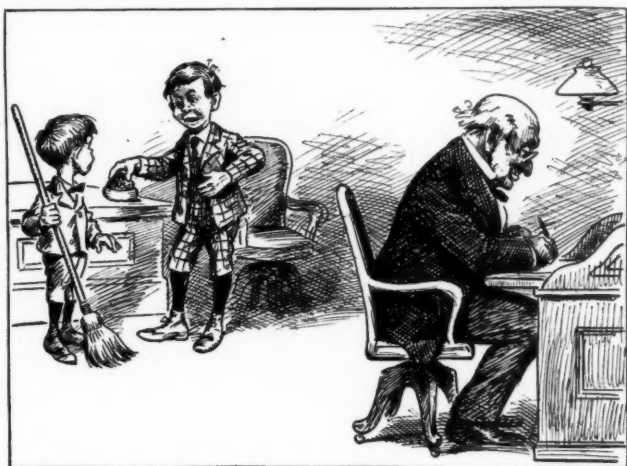
WITH AN orange flicker the candle glows,
Like a flower I watch it bloom,
As it chases, while it beams and blows,
The darkness out of the room.
Where does the darkness go to, pray,
When the candle chases it away?

I know very well that it can't go far:
It may fly up the chimney, red,
Or, away from the rays of the candle star,
It may scurry under the bed;
But back it comes with a silent sweep
When the candle goes out and falls asleep.

R. K. Munkittrick.

THE INK-SPONGE, THE ILLUSTRATION,
AND THE SEQUEL.

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SENIOR OFFICE BOY. — Never seen a prize-fight, eh? Yer a dead amateur — w'en one uv de fighters is down fer ten seconds, his handler

takes a sponge, so —



— throws it up, so —



— and dat shows de job is —



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EASILY PROVEN.

SHE. — George, do you believe that "out of sight is out of mind?"
HE. — No! Turn the gas out and I'll prove it.

VERY ATTRACTIVE.

"Now, here is a bargain-counter advertisement which pleases me more than any other I ever saw," said Mr. Darley, who was reading the morning paper.

"Oh! what is it?" asked Mrs. Darley, eagerly.

"I'll read it;" and he read:

"Great opportunity! Our new \$500 grand pianos are marked down to \$495 for this week only. Not more than seven to one purchaser."

OUT OF CLASS.

"Society is getting dreadfully mixed nowadays."

"Yes; is n't it? People whose grandfathers made money are having to associate with those horrible people who make it themselves."

SOME PEOPLE would rather do a thing gracefully than do it well.

MOST OF us are unable to determine satisfactorily just why we occupy the humble position that we do; but it is quite easy to see why our friends are not more successful.



— done fer!

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not
confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with
one of a similar sounding name of a cheap
grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York Warerooms, 149-155 East 14th St.
Will remove to new **SOHMER BUILDING**
170 Fifth Ave., cor. 22d Street, about February.

ELECTRICAL Bicycles, and Photo. Novelties,
low prices, 100 page cat. **FREE**
N. E. S. Co., 22 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

THE STANDARD OF THE
WORLD.

Dr. Jaeger's

SANITARY UNDERWEAR

allows the skin to breathe freely,
at the same time absorbing its
exhalations, leaving the body dry
and warm. :: :: :: ::

Dr. Jaeger's Underwear gives
greatest warmth with the
least weight.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Main Retail Store: Branches:
16 West 23d St. 166 Broadway,
New York. 249 W. 125th St.

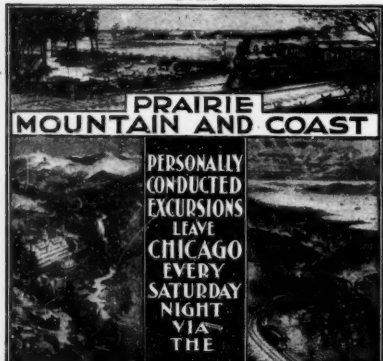
CHEW

Beeman's

The
Original
**Pepsin
Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

THE MIDLAND ROUTE
THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING CARS
TO
CALIFORNIA
OVER



**CHICAGO MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL
RAILWAY** THROUGH OMAHA LINCOLN COLORADO
SPRINGS SALT LAKE CITY AND OGDEN.
SLEEPING CAR BERTH RATE ONLY \$6.00
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO NEAREST TICKET OFFICE OR ADDRESS
A. C. BIRD, General Traffic Manager, Chicago.

EVERY one dislikes an old man who
imagines he is too young for his wife.—
Atchison Globe.

PROFIT-SHARING LIFE INSURANCE.

POLICIES FOR
CHILDREN,
WOMEN,
AND
MEN.

PREMIUMS PAYABLE
YEARLY,
HALF-YEARLY,
QUARTERLY
OR WEEKLY

POLICIES IN
AMOUNTS
\$50,000.00 TO \$15.00

HOME OFFICE,
NEWARK, N. J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America.

Consumption? TRY

VIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)

The Ideal French Tonic
FOR BODY AND BRAIN

Since 1863, Endorsed by Medical Faculty

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable



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AFTER THE SERVICE.

STRANGER.—I notice that when you announce your text your congregation all
make a note of the verse and chapter.

PARSON.—Yais—dey takes down de number ob de verse and chapter to make
policy combinations out ob.



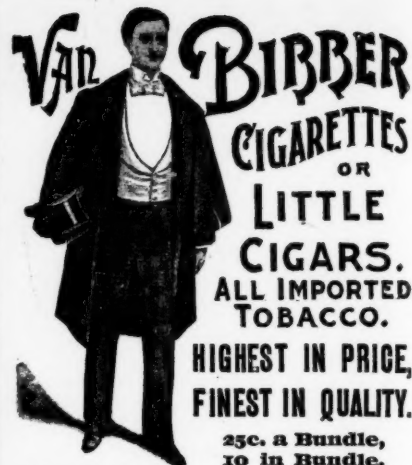
Vigoral

Makes Vitality.

It is especially cheering in the dreary days of
Winter—a foe to fatigue—the most nourishing of
all drinks. It is prepared in a minute with cold or
hot water. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

Our little pamphlet, "Various Views on Vigoral" mailed free.

Armour & Company, Chicago.



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CIGARETTES

OR
LITTLE

CIGARS.
ALL IMPORTED
TOBACCO.

HIGHEST IN PRICE,
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,
10 in Bundle.

Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

Thin Blood

Where the blood loses its
intense red—grows thin and
watery, as in anemia, there is
a constant feeling of exhaus-
tion, a lack of energy—vitality
and the spirits depressed.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypo-
phosphites of Lime and Soda
is peculiarly adapted to correct
this condition. The cod-liver
oil, emulsified to an exquisite
fineness, enters the blood direct
and feeds its every corpuscle,
restoring the natural color and
giving vitality to the whole
system. The hypophosphites
reach the brain and nerve
centres and add their strength-
ening and beneficial effect.
If the roses have left your
cheeks, if you are growing
thin and exhausted from over-
work, or if age is beginning
to tell, use SCOTT'S Emul-
sion.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

All druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.40, or \$3.60
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

**Endwell
Braces**

are the best suspenders for

careful dressers

Style combined with comfort and
service as in no others.

The standard American suspender

Best Furnishers keep them.

Sample Pair, mailed postpaid, 50 cents.
A cheaper model at 25 cents.

CHESTER SUSPENDER COMPANY,
4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.

WE are pleased to note that the petrified man
and woman factories have started up on full
time.—*West Union Gazette.*

THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED: Leaves New York at 10.00 every morning via New York Central. Arrives at Chicago at 9.00 next morning via Michigan Central.



Two Years in the
Wood
Ten Months in the
Bottle
Thoroughly Matured
Finished

Evans' Ale

Free
from Dregs and
Sediment
A Good Old Ale

Clubs, Cafés,
Hotels and Restaurants
Order from your dealer

WE would rather be able to eat pork
sausage and buckwheat cakes every
morning for breakfast, than be presi-
dent.—*Atchison Globe.*

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Dr.
Sieger's Angostura Bitters will surely cure you.

ALICIA.—What do you think of that
old maid, Miss Sere, being engaged to
that fast fellow, Jack Goitte?

PATRICIA.—Wants to make up for
lost time, I guess.—*Facts.*

Champagne is the most delicious drink known.
Cook's Imperial Extra Dry is the acme of cham-
pagnes.

It is given out that a Boston man was
so affected by his loss in a lottery that
his mind became a blank.—*Roxbury
Gazette.*



Runnymede Club Whisky

IS BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER DIRECT
SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT, GUARANTEEING THE AGE
AND ABSOLUTE PURITY OF EACH AND
EVERY BOTTLE OF THIS PRODUCT AS CER-
TIFIED BY THE STAMP. MAKES ADULTER-
ATION IMPOSSIBLE. IT IS OBTAINABLE
WHERE THE BEST WHISKIES ARE SOLD.
IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S, NOTIFY US
AND WE WILL TELL YOU WHERE TO GET IT.

R. F. BALKE & CO.,

DISTILLERS AND BOTTLED IN BOND. LOUISVILLE, KY., U.S.A.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

50 Gold Medals Awarded for Excellency. As supplied to her Majesty the Queen, and the Royal Family.



9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST
SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open
market, and have submitted samples so obtained to
careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL un-
adulterated by admixture with any other oil or
other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all
other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR
QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

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A. R. Ledoux Pres't.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.



BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equip-
ments for Bands and Drum Corps. Low-
est prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400
illustrations, mailed free; It gives Band
Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 31 Adams St., Chicago.

PIEL BROS. East New York Brewery, BROOKLYN.

Real German Lager Beer

MADE OF
Finest Hops and Barley-Malt Exclusively
AND FREE FROM ALL CHEMICALS,
Consequently

PURE, WHOLESOME, DELICIOUS,
The Best Beverage for Healthy and Sick.

Light Beer, \$1.25; Dark Beer, \$1.50;
24 Bottles, Delivered in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey
City and Hoboken. Also in Kegs.

OPIUM

and Liquor Habit cured in
10 to 20 days. No pay till
cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens,
Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.



RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI, O. Popular Cocktails


WHISKEY
MANHATTAN
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
BRANDY
GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination,
Quality, Purity and Brill-
liancy.

For sale by all Leading
Jobbers and Retailers.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant,
durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at
dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



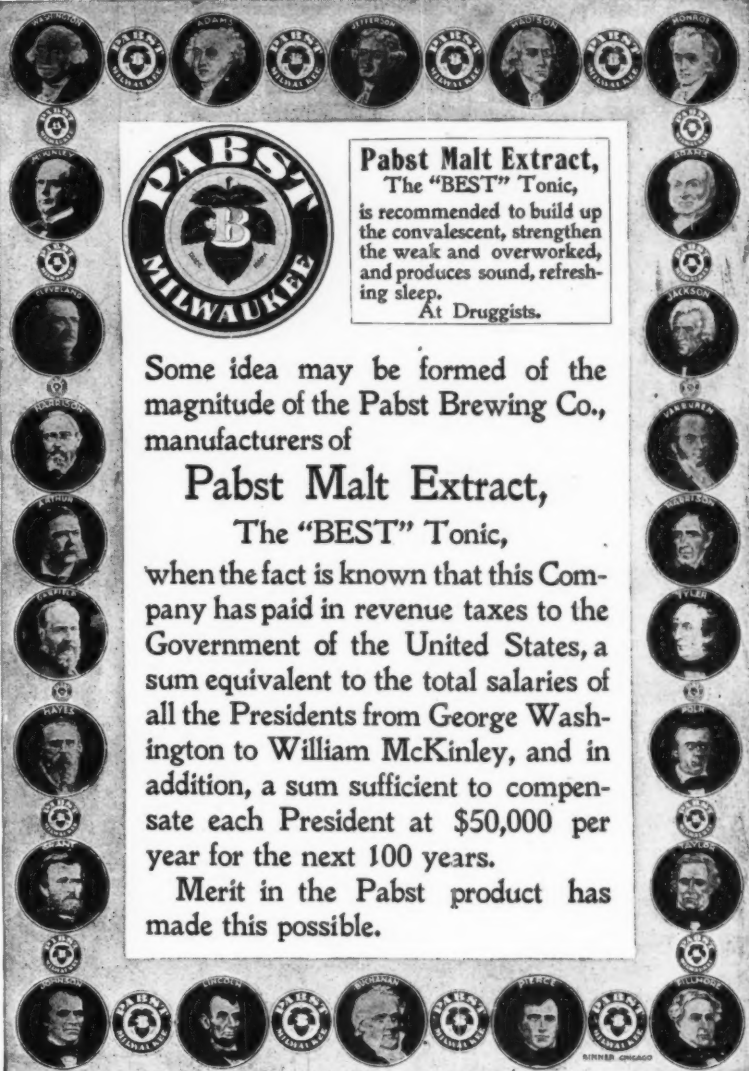
Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,
is recommended to build up
the convalescent, strengthen
the weak and overworked,
and produces sound, refresh-
ing sleep.
At Druggists.

Some idea may be formed of the
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manufacturers of

Pabst Malt Extract,
The "BEST" Tonic,

when the fact is known that this Com-
pany has paid in revenue taxes to the
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sum equivalent to the total salaries of
all the Presidents from George Wash-
ington to William McKinley, and in
addition, a sum sufficient to compen-
sate each President at \$50,000 per
year for the next 100 years.

Merit in the Pabst product has
made this possible.





HURTING THE ORGANIZATION.

HOULIHAN 'getting talkative'.—Now, bye's, ye all know that Tammany Hall is shtrictly honest.
THE PROPRIETOR 'savagely'.—Per God's sake, Houlihan, don't be fore'er running down yer own
organization! Ef Oi hear yez cashting anny more shlurs on Tammany Hall Oi 'll break yer face!

Hunter Baltimore Rye

The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

10
YEARS
OLD

Perfectly Matured and Mellow
Rich, Pure Flavor.

Tonical and Restorative,
Endorsed by Physicians.

At all
First-class Cafés
and
by Jobbers.

SHORT RATIONS.

(Continued from 4th page.)

he and my uncle were in, and he was living in about the finest place in Syracuse. When I took hold I says, 'Now I'll take my uncle's share in these things in cash.' You never saw such a surprised man in your life. He probably thought he was going to have a fool to deal with. He asked me if I meant it. If I meant it! He was about a week getting the money; then he gave it to me, and said that he and my uncle had been friends for twenty years, but he did not think that he ever wanted to see me again. I should say not! He's busted since, and he and the girl have had to come down a peg or two. My uncle was a queer Dick. He wanted to give the girl something, but he had an idea that it was his duty to keep the good stuff in the family. So he was n't quite a fool, after all. But if I ever fight a duel or try to kill myself, it's the girl's luck."

"You can't execute yourself, Jaffray," said McVay; "because you can't take the law into your own hands. But I'll tell you what we'll do: if you kill yourself and your good stuff is forfeited, we'll chip in and make it up to you."

"It'd take more'n you've got. I see you're onto that little phrase, 'good stuff'; picked it up from me, did n't you? I got it from one of the actors."

"See here," said McVay; "there's no forfeiture clause in this will in case any one else kills you; and if there is, it is void, because it is against public policy."

"It's no sure thing I won't kill myself. Can't tell what I'll do. But, say, talking of girls"—here Jaffray took out a picture—how's that?"

It was a photograph of one of the young women in the theatrical company. He had bought it in town.

The young woman was the cause of this gush of talk. She had seen Jaffray twice, and had advised him that she did not wish to see him again. Jaffray showed the picture about, smiled, and put it away. "But what's here?" he said, his eye lighting on a leather case in a corner. He went to the case, and began to open it. It contained a Japanese sword belonging to a player, and Hall had brought it out from town.

"Let that alone!" said Hall.

"Ha! What have we here?" said Jaffray.

"A gun," said McVay.

"A sword, you mean. Ah! A Chinese sword."

"A Japanese sword," said Hall, taking it.

"Oh, well! it's a Chinese sword, but made in Japan. Give it here!" He grabbed it. "This yours, Hall?"

"Yes."

"What are you riled about? Somebody been getting a big price out of you for this? It's no good."

"What do you know about swords?"

"What do I know about swords? What do you fellows know, you mean." He drew the blade and lunged about. "*Garde, tierce, seconde!*" But wait. Do you know how actors kill themselves on the stage? Pretend to fall on their swords and run themselves through? Say! it's a neat trick. I'll show you."

He placed the hilt on the floor; fell forward, transfixed himself, and lay groaning.

Then they picked Mr. Jaffray up and carried him to his room. The young post surgeon dressed the wound in silence.

"Is it serious?" the Club asked him when he came out.



"Why, no!" said the doctor, as if rather surprised at the suggested hypothesis that any exemplary evil could befall Jaffray: "what made you think so?"

McVay looked at the others and proposed a scheme. In accordance therewith, Hall went to Jaffray's room to sit with him.

"To think," said Hall, in a sympathetic and brotherly way, "that all this should come from a little awkwardness! To think how serious a little awkwardness may be!" Jaffray groaned.

Shaw relieved Hall. "It's hard," said Shaw; "you don't deserve this end. And all from a piece of awkwardness. All from a piece of awkwardness." McVay took Shaw's place. He moved about quietly. He took up and put down bottles. "What do the fellows say about it?" asked Jaffray.

"They could bear it better if you had come to this in some other way. We have not treated you as we should, either. But to think that this should be the result, as you say, of awkwardness! And such a simple trick!"

Jaffray opened his eyes. "So they think it was awkwardness?"

"If I had thought for a minute, dear boy, that you did n't know that trick, I would have warned you. If this had been on the field of battle,—but that you should lose your life through sheer two-fisted awkwardness—"

"Write my statement," said Jaffray.

McVay sighed, but he got pen and paper.

"Put it down," said Jaffray. "I did not wound myself unintentionally. I meant to kill myself. Life is too dull without love." He signed the statement with his free hand. "But don't think that I don't know how to handle a sword."

When the statement was made public the Club affected to admire Jaffray's desperate courage. Then the surgeon told him his injury was trifling. In a few days he was about. He immediately went to the Club. "Hullo, fellows!"

The Club was delighted to see him: it hung on the hero's words:

"Your statement," said McVay, "we will forward to the executors of the will. Who are they?"

"But I did n't kill myself. Oh, no!"

"You tried to, of course, old boy."

Jaffray choked. "Yes; there is no doubt I tried. I will write to the executors, myself."

Not being very wise, Jaffray did write—he actually wrote. When the Club heard that he was writing, they held a council, and determined that they could not interfere with this excellent joke that Jaffray was playing upon himself. There was no reason why they could n't, so they determined it that way. Jaffray was a miser: he choked many times in the course of the transactions that diverted a considerable part of his fortune, but he carried the business through. When it was complete, however, he was more enriched in complacency than despoiled in wealth, and he immediately went to the Club. "Lo! fellows," he said. "It's done."

"We were just talking of you," said McVay.

"Ah!" quoth Jaffray; "and what might you have been saying?"

"About that attempt of yours—"

"Ah! And what about that?"

"That when you tried to kill yourself, it was so devilish awkward in you not to do it."



UNEXPECTED SPEED.

SHE.—Well, you knew I was going to open a running account!

HE.—Yes; but I did n't know it would be constantly running against its own record.

A MAN IS likely to find his wife's mother insupportable; but the old man, on the other hand, can usually be held up if he is worked rightly.

THE EXPENSE of doctors and medicines is as nothing compared to the cost of the things people say solely in order that they may feel better.

AN INTELLECTUAL WOUND.

BOSTON BRIDE (*tearfully*).—And the honeymoon scarcely over! To think that he should speak to me like that!

THE CONFIDANTE.—What did he say, dear?

BOSTON BRIDE.—He said I was unreasonable!

MANY A COQUETTE would be mortified if she knew how many hearts she could not break.

SOMETIMES GIRLS who think it is wrong to dance will tangle themselves up with a young man in an alarming manner, in a frantic endeavor to recapture a hair-pin which the young man has playfully appropriated.

A SUGGESTION.

SHE.—The *Bicycle Gazette* offers a prize for the best article on any subject connected with the wheel.

HE.—Why not send in an essay on "How to Mend a Wheel With a Hairpin?"

"AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST"—Text for the feminine novel reader.

MANHATTAN.—So you are a Medical Expert and give expert testimony? What is your specialty?

DR. FAKUM.—Avoiding being confused by cross-examination.

CARSTAIRS RYE

Formerly favorably known, for 50 years, as the original Monogram.

A Century Favorite

CARSTAIRS McCALL & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
HOUSE ESTABLISHED 1788.

FOR SALE GENERALLY.

"It's so seldom," said Uncle Eben, "dat a man jes' puhceeds along tryin' ter do 's hones' duty, dat when he does, folks goes ter guessin' an' spicionin' dat he 's playin' a mighty sly game." — *Washington Star*.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & Co., 69 William St.; EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.;

TOWER MFG. CO., 206 Broadway, New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HOOPER, LEWIS & Co., 8 Milk Street, Boston.

A. C. McCLURG & Co., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.



By the time the average man finds time to read the president's message, he has lost the paper that contained it. — *Atchison Globe*.

"THE BENEDICT"

(Trade-Mark)

Patent Collar and Cuff Button.

None genuine except with the name "BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon it!

Strong, Durable, and can be Adjusted with Perfect Ease.

14 K't Gold.....\$1.75 and \$2.00 each.

10 K't Gold.....\$1.50 and \$1.75 each.

Rolled Gold and Silver at 50c. each.

Sent by mail on receipt of above prices.

BENEDICT BROS., Jewelers,
BROADWAY and CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

Send for Full Descriptive Circular.

NOT IN THE TREATMENT.

VISITOR (at lunatic asylum).—I see you give your patients amateur photograph outfits to amuse them.

SUPERINTENDENT.—No; they bring them with them. — *N. Y. Weekly*.



TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.

R. STEINECKE CO.

MAKERS - NEW YORK

E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,
119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

32, 34 and 36 Bloeker Street,
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of paper made to order.

Nothing better in Bitters than Abbott's Original Angostura. You will be better for taking the Bitters. Abbott's—the only genuine.



There is no doubt but that our mental capacity is growing. Any hatter will tell you that the son always wears a larger hat —

THE ADVANCE
OF THE
RACE.



—than his father.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

PERSONALLY-
CONDUCTED **TOURS**

SPECIAL TRAINS OF SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT

CALIFORNIA

January 27, \$310. February 16 (Mardi Gras Tour), \$335. March 19, \$210; one way, \$150.

FLORIDA

January 25, Feb'y 8, Feb'y 22, March 8. Rate, \$50

Also Tours to Washington, Old Point Comfort & Richmond

For Itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address GEO. W. HOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

"WHAT should be done in a case of drowning?" asks the Humane Society. Have a funeral, of course. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

What Are THE CLUB COCKTAILS

Drinks that are famous the world over. Made from the best of liquors and used by thousands of men and women in their own homes in place of tonics, whose composition is unknown.

Are they on your sideboard? Would not such a drink put new life into the tired woman who has shopped all day? Would it not be the drink to offer to the husband when he returns home after his day's business? Choice of Manhattan, Martini, Tom or Holland Gin, Vermouth, York or Whiskey is offered.

For sale by all Fancy Grocers and Dealers generally, or write to
G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford, Conn. 39 Broadway, New York 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

Those Fine English Tobaccos

Put up by **W. D. & H. O. WILLS** of Bristol, England.

and famous the world over for their superb flavor and exquisite aroma, can be obtained for you by your dealer.

If he will not get them, write to us for price-list of the well-known brands.

J. W. SURBRUG, Sole Agent, 159 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.

Capstan Bird's Eye Westward Ho Three Castles Gold Flake, etc.

HAMLET McBOOTH.—Was the piece well done?
IAGO WOTELLO.—I guess so. The critics roasted it. — *Detroit Free Press*.

"Standard of Highest Merit."

FISCHER PIANOS.

GRAND AND UPRIGHT

are justly celebrated for their superiority of

Tone Durability and Workmanship.

Constructed on the most advanced principles—both from the mechanical and artistic standpoint.

Established

58

Years.



Over

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Sold.

REASONABLE TERMS AND PRICES

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Write for Catalogue and Illustrated Cuts of all styles.

OFFICES AND FACTORIES:

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RETAIL WAREHOUSES:

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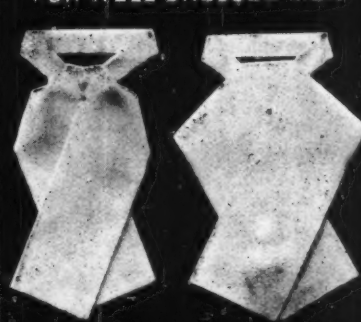
ORIENT 6550 CRUISE FEB. 5, 1899.
SS "ALLER." All shore excursions included. F. C. Clark, 111 B'way, N. Y.

It almost turns a man from his friends to hear a man he detests booming them. — *Atchison Globe*.

No MAN can serve two masters, and few men can serve one. — *Roxbury Gazette*.

The Proper Scarves

FOR WELL DRESSED MEN



THE LORNE LA FINETTE

W. O. HORN & BRO., NEW YORK

To be had at all first-class retailers.



SEN-SEN
THROAT EASE
and
BREATH PERFUME
Good for Young and Old.
AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT ON RECEIPT OF 5 CENTS IN STAMPS
SEN-SEN CO. DEPT. F.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ELK RAZOR STROP

Sharpens razors quickest and best because of peculiar construction. Made of elk hide and tanned by special process, hones and strops at same time, gives an ideal edge, keeps razors in condition all the time. Barbers will quickly see its wonderful properties.

Sent for One Dollar.
Delivered anywhere in the United States.

Money refunded if not satisfactory.
Send cash or Post-Office order to

NEW ENGLAND LEATHER CO.
33 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



MISS LILY.—Yes, Count, dear; this is leap year, you know, and Papa says I may propose to any one I like, and I like you. Te! He! He!



"You know Papa is in trade, and is awfully rich; he says to 'whomever will marry me, he will give, three months after our marriage, my weight in gold.'"
COUNT DE HADDOPE.—Oh, Miss Sosefatti! I long have loved thee! I am thine!



"Hoop-la! Talk about a gold mine! I am fixed for life. She weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Oh! this is a good day's work for your uncle!"



MISS LILY'S PAPA (*after the marriage*).—Getting rid of a girl like that is all right, but where in the world am I to get two hundred and fifty pounds of gold in three months? My entire fortune does n't more than come up to that.



ITINERANT CHEMIST.—Kind sir, I pray thee make a purchase from your humble servant. The greatest discovery of the eighteenth century. We call it Anti-Pal, warranted to reduce weight over fifty pounds a month.
MISS LILY'S PAPA (*eagerly, as a sudden idea strikes him*).—I'll take your entire stock, my good man.



"Son-in-law, thou likest not to remain idle. I have a tip for thee that will combine business and pleasure. I will like thee to go through the East and purchase hides. It will take three months, and on thy return I will weigh my daughter, thy wife, and give thee her weight in gold, as I promised thee. (*Aside*).—'Tis a good way to get rid of him while I work my little game."



(*To his Cook*).—"Now, in every meat that is served my daughter, and in everything she eats, I want thee to place a large dose of this medicine; and on thy life I wish thee not to betray the secret."



(*On the Count's return, three months later*).—"Welcome home, Son-in-law! Hindrance thy wife! Thou hast done well. The scales are ready, and I will immediately proceed to cancel the debt I owe thee. Jump on, Lil!"



COUNT DE HADDOPE (*after the weighing-in*).—"Ye gods! The idea of having to stand *this* for my eighty-five pounds of gold. Oh! why has Chicago not been discovered so that I could get a divorce!"